THREE THOUSAND EAST SIDE WOMEN FORM A SOCIALISTIC LEAGUE AND TAKE UP POLITICS

"Why should a woman think just like her husband?" said, in reply to a question, Mrs. Pauline Nitke, a resident of New York's Ghetto, an ardent Socialist and the originator of the Working Circle, a socialistic organization of women nearly 3,000 strong.

Just now the Working Circle is rallying to the support of Eugene V. Debs, Social Democrat candidate for President.

"At one time," continued Mrs. Nitke in halting English, "a poor woman's place was always in the kitchen. She busied herself with nothing but housework, and all she knew about politics was what her husband told her.

"Now she is independent; she thinks and acts for herself"—a statement which shows that Mrs. Nitke is quite American in her ideas, even though she was born in Russia and has lived in this country only about twelve years.

"No, I could not talk that way in Russia. In that country it is better never even to think socialism."

Mrs. Nitke's remark on woman's independence of thought was called out by the question whether Mr. Nitke and his adult son, who is a violinist, intended to vote for Debs.

"I don't know," was her reply. "No, they are not members of any socialistic order. They share my views, I think; but how they will vote I can't say."

"Then it was not your husband's example which made you go ahead and organize the Working Circle?"

"No. I think it was because I heard some prominent speakers on the subject of socialism. After that I felt that I wanted to help along the cause, that I wanted to do some good, and so I went to see some of my friends and asked them to join with me in starting a woman's society.

"A few of them felt just as I did, and we went ahead and started the society, holding the meetings at first in a small parlor. Of course we allow no one to join who is not a Socialist. Hebrew is generally spoken at the meetings, although sometimes we have a lecture in English."

If any one organization of women was needed to prove that the poorest, as well as the richest, members of their sex are showing a lively desire to dabble in politics, the Working Circle would fill the bill. Almost without exception the members are poor, hard working Hebrews, who live in the most crowded districts of New York, and a large proportion of whom can speak little or no English.

Some of the foreign born can neither read nor write. And yet, according to their leader, there is not a woman of them all but is thoroughly informed as to the aims of the society and the political platform of the Socialists, and there are few who ever miss a chance to make a convert or bring in recruits.

That is why from a beginning of seven or eight members, four years ago, the society has grown to its present size, and now has about a dozen branches, which are scattered over Greater New York. The largest of these is under the personal direction of Mrs. Nitke, and its meetings are held semi-monthly on Tuesday evenings in the hall at 414 Grand street.

The days of most of the members are crammed too full of hard work to allow of their taking their politics along with afternoon tea. Therefore they must meet at night or not at all. There is not one woman of leisure in the Working Circle.

The organizer herself, who lives in a tall tenement at 418 Grand street, not only cooks, washes and irons for a large family, but she also helps her husband, who is a dealer in leather remnants, in his shop, which occupies a small basement in a crowded thoroughfare around the corner. In fact, she has neighbors who say that Mrs. Nitke is a better business man than her husband.

There is no race suicide in the Ghetto, consequently the leading members of the Working Circle have each many youngsters to look after. Even then some of these women are often obliged to work out by the day.

Unmarried members of the society, and there are many of them, work, with few exceptions, in the factories and shops every working day the year around.

"Visitors, men as well as women," said Mrs. Nitke, "are welcome to attend every alternate meeting, which is always addressed by some prominent speaker engaged for the occasion, like Dr. Helen Miller or Dr. Katherine Yewezroff, who often lecture for us. The other meetings are for members only, and no outsiders are admitted.

"Occasionally we hold a big mass meeting in which some of the other branches join."

Like most of the East Side women's political organizations, the Working Circle makes a feature of philanthropy, of helping the sick, no matter what their creed, color or politics. By this means many a recruit has been brought into the fold. That eventually in such cases the man will be won over Mrs. Nitke has little doubt.

House to house canvassing for votes and stump speaking are not included in the Working Circle's tactics.

"Our aim," said Mrs. Nitke, "is to influence those in our own homes and our near neighbors and chance acquaintances, and always to help as many as we can of the sick and poor we meet. Last winter we bought a tent for a poor sick man who was going to Colorado.

"Yes, most of us are poor ourselves, but in cases like that every member is taxed five cents, and there is always some money in the treasury from the dues, which are $1.65 every six months.

"At the business meetings we report what has been done since we last met, plan our work for the next two weeks and appoint a committee to get a speaker or speakers for the next public meeting.

"Mrs. Wechselman acts as chairwoman generally and Mrs. Takasky is our secretary. I am the treasurer. The other branches of the society do just about what we do, for they always look to us for advice."

"And do you think Mr. Debs has any chance of being elected?" Mrs. Nitke was asked.

Her good natured face in its frame of iron gray hair grew serious and she called an interpreter to help her out with an answer.

"I don't believe," she said slowly, "that many of us hope to elect our nominee this year or four years from now; but we keep on working and mean to keep on, just to show that we are protesting against the existing order of things. We feel that it is not so much a question of electing a Socialist candidate as it is to stand up for Socialistic political doctrines."

Ships That Behaved Just Like Their Namesakes

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 29.—Maine shipowners and masters are among the most level headed men in the world, but they still cling to certain queer beliefs. One of their pet notions is that a vessel takes after a the person for whom she is named.

"There's the old Hannah ——," said a Bangor shipowner. "Now, she was named after a New York woman who was a great sport—a woman who followed the races and let lots of money on horses and all kinds of sporting events.

"First this woman would be on top, financially, winning every time she risked a wad of money. Then she would have a losing streak, and would get so much run down that she would have to pawn her diamonds and even some of her clothes.

"It's just that way with the schooner named after her, and always has been. First she will make a lot of good trips, one after another, and pile up money for the owners. Then she will have a streak of the cussedest luck that ever fell to a vessel and there'll be assessments on the owners to pay her bills. I don't know what became of the New York sporting lady, but I'll bet a hundred that the schooner'll wind up the same way.

"Then there's the William ——, used to hail from Calais. She was named after an old fellow who made a lot of money and had some more left to him. He had only one fault, and that was he crooked his elbow too often. Oh, he'd get awful drunk about once every three months, and once a year, regular, he'd go on a spree that would lay him up.

"Now just look at the way the vessel named after him has been doing. She will make one trip a month from here to the Sound and back, and two trips running she will make money. The third trip she will lose a few sails, just enough to take the profit off, and come back looking kinder used up.

"Then, once a year, regular as Christmas comes, she will have a howling old time—strike somewhere, or get run into, or something, and she'll come home a wreck and have to be fixed up. Same way as the old fellow she was named after. I believe he died in a hospital and I guess that will be the finish of the schooner.

"I remember that old John Varnum built two schooners, sister ships, and named them after his two daughters—Ann Eliza and Henrietta. Now, Ann Eliza Varnum was one of these steady, sensible girls, taking after her father, and she was a great cook, and could do anything around the house first rate. She never put on no style, and when she got married she picked out a slow going, good natured sort of chap named Henry Gray, who could make a fair living by hard work, and that's all.

"Now, Henrietta, she was a different sort of girl altogether. She either couldn't or wouldn't do any housework, and she turned up her nose at the fellows around home. Said they were country bumpkins, and wouldn't have nothing to do with them.

"She went to Boston and got a job in a swell millinery store, and then she learned shorthand and got to be private secretary or something to a stock broker. She was a good looker, and a great talker, and the stock broker he got so fond of her that when his wife died he married her. Now she lives in great style, wears the best of clothes and is 'way up generally.

"Well, look at the two vessels. The Ann Eliza, she has been lugging lumber from Bangor to Boston right along, doing hard work and getting little for it, and it's worn her out so's she isn't pretty to look at any more. She's a dull sailor, but she gets there finally, and she's just a common old coaster, that's all.

"The Henrietta, built on the same lines, in the same yard, made only two trips coasting, when she was bought by the Government Fish Commission and fitted up in great style. She goes to Southern waters all winter, and sometimes, summers, she comes down this way, looking like a yacht, with her brass work, and her spars all scraped clean and her sails white's the day they left the loft.

"She never did any hard work, and she never made any money; but she had the luck to fall into rich hands and to-day she don't look a day older than when she left these waters. Same way with the girls the schooners was named after. One a hard worker, looking old before her time, t'other trim and smart as a new pilot boat.

"The old schooner Gen. Grant was just like her namesake, too. She had a hard time, did the schooner, but she always came out a winner. The old Napoleon was the same way. She had all kinds of hard luck, but they couldn't seem to lose her. When steamers crowded her out of the packet business, she was sold to a summer hotel man on one of the islands, where they hauled her up and used her as a wharf."

Fight With a Big Wildcat.

Sigmund correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Farmer John Hillegas this morning discovered that a dozen of his chickens had been killed during the night, and set out with a hound to seek the marauder. The hound soon ran down a wildcat, and after a furious battle went home with his tail between his legs.

Hillegas returned to the scene of the dog's defeat, and found the cat perched in a tree. He fired at it, and the cat leaped on his shoulders, sinking its teeth and claws into his flesh. He shook it off and tried to strike it with the gun, but only succeeded in breaking the rifle in two, and the cat promptly made a spring for his throat. Warding it off with his arm, he finally succeeded in striking it with the barrel of the rifle and breaking its back. A second blow beat out the animal's brains. The cat weighed twelve pounds.

Black Chipmunk Rare.

John Burroughs in Outing.

I have lived in a chipmunk region all my life and have never seen a black one, yet black ones do occur. I have just received a photograph of one seen in the Catskills, and a correspondent at Bath, N. Y., writes me of one she has seen there for two seasons.

I have not yet heard of a black red squirrel, though black gray ones are occasionally seen. Black woodchucks and black foxes are probably the result of the same law of variation.

JOE BASSETT'S WEDDING DAY.

Showing That a Kick From a Mule Is Not Always Necessary to Cause a Change of Mind.

"It sure is almighty queer how a man 'll set into a game with one idea in his nut, an' then 'fore there's been a dozen hands dealt, how he'll be devotin' his self to suthin' 'leven million miles foreign to what he were studyin' on," said old man Greenhut, as he looked out through the open door of his saloon in Arkansas City one sunshiny day in the early spring.

It was noticeable that the old man was considerably interested in something that was happening up the street, and that while some of those to whom he was speaking were also interested, they were more or less excited, while he was chuckling with merriment and was not in the least excited.

"Now, there's Joe Bassett," he continued, before anybody had offered a reply to his initial observation. "Joe is givin' as bright an' shinin' a example right now of a change o' heart as you'll find in the Methodist camp meetin' this summer.

"Joe started out not fifteen minutes ago to kill that nigger o' Lem Joyce's. He didn't say nothin' about it, to be sure, but there's been things a diddin' f'r the last month, 't was gettin' him riled up, an' when he heer'd about the nigger breakin' loose the way he did last night, Joe didn't say nothin'—you all noticed he didn't say nothin', didn't ye?"

The others allowed they had noticed it.

"Well, when I seen 't he were quiet like, an' when he got up an stretched hisself an' took a drink all by hisself, an' hitched up his belt, an' walked out sayin' nothin', I didn't have to have no advertisement read outen the country paper to tell me what he were goin' to do. Plain as the nose on his face, he was startin' out to kill that nigger.

"Well, Joe 'pears to 've struck a sudden change o' heart. The way he hiked up the street when he went out I says to myself that nigger didn't have more'n about fifteen minutes for to say his prayers. An' now, Joe don't seem to be troubled about nothin' on earth more'n how he's goin' to git out o' that deep water by the levee 'thouten bein' drownded. If he took his gun along with him when that nigger's mule kicked him into the drink, I don't reckon he'll do no shootin' till he's got the gun dried.

"I c'n remember now hearin' about that nigger havin' a trick mule. They say he c'n run back'ards most as swift as he can front end to. An' the nigger's teached him a heap o' queer things.

"'Pears like there may be some truth into the story, judgin' by the way the critter backed up sudden when Joe was comin' his way an' let fly with them heels o' hisn. I've saw men kicked by a mule afore, but I never seen none on 'em ketch it so sudden when the mule was more'n twenty foot ahead.

"Seems kind o' queer 't none o' them shots that was fired after the nigger, when he started off up the road with the mule, didn't 'pear to hit nothin'. There was enough on 'em fired. I reckon the boys must ha' been laughin' too hard, though, about Joe tumblin' into the flood for to take aim like they does most times.

"Anyway, the nigger an' the mule 'pears to be out of it now. 'Taint no ways likely as anybody 'll ever see 'em agin in Arkansas City. Not if that nigger has any sense left they won't.

"The way Joe changed his mind, though, quite sudden like, when that mule riz up against him, 'minds me o' something 't happened to him when he were a good bit younger'n he is now, an' hadn't been elected Sheriff four times. We knowed he were a fighter them days, but we hadn't learned as how he c'd be depended onto.

"Fact is, he wa'n't reely reliable. 'Peared like he were geared too high, or he had more of a furnace nor he did of a b'iler, or somepin' made his wheels go too fast some how, an' every little while he'd run right up in the air.

"He were on the boats for a spell, afore he settled down in Arkansas City, an' I've heerd him say, them times, like he reckoned he were some like a steamboat hisself. 'If I don't blow off steam now an' again,' he says, 'I'm plumb sure to bust.'

"Well, he blowed off, all right. There was doin's when he started to blow. He'd go along, steady as a clock, for a month, maybe, an' then somepin' 'd happen.

"There was one night he came in here as cool as a catfish, an' lookin' as sober as one. We never knowed till after 't he'd been drinkin' steady for two nights up to the hotel.

"There was a couple o' strangers standin' at the bar takin' their liquor quiet an' peaceful, an' Joe came up sort o' sudden an' pushed one on 'em along. 'Twa'n't exactly done violent, but 'twa'n't polite, neither, an' the stranger spoke up, kind o' mad.

"Well, Joe he kind o' mumbled somepin', an' if the stranger 'd had sense he'd ha' took it for an apology, but he got wuss an' he 'lowed if Joe touched him again he'd lick him.

"Then Joe did act hasty, there ain't no denyin' of it. He knocked the feller down, first, an' then, pickin' him up in his two hands, he throwed him plumb through the window. O' course, he didn't mean to kill him, an' he wouldn't never ha' been reely blamed for it, seein' the feller brought it on hisself, if he hadn't picked the other stranger up an' throwed him out o' the window, too.

"Folks thought that was goin' a leetle too fur, an' likely it might ha' gone hard with Joe for killin' two men to once, even if he didn't use no weapon, but some o' the boys that was in here told how they'd seen the second feller start to pull his gun, so o' course that made it self-defence, an' there wa'n't nothin' to be did. Joe paid for the window when he got sober, an' bein' as the two men was strangers there wa'n't no more said about it.

"But it was the way he later change his mind, 't I started to tell about. There was times when it 'peared like it was providential.

"He'd start to do suthin' 't 'd ha' been plumb ruinous if he'd did it, an' all in a minute he'd change. It didn't take a mule to kick him in the face, neither. Just a word, or a look 'd do it.

"He sparked a girl f'm up in Little Rock, one winter an' come nigh marryin' her. They do say 't he'd bought the ring an' was goin' to the parson's the next Sunday.

"She were a nice girl, too. She come a visitin' some of her mother's family 't lived here, an' Joe was stuck the minute he seen her. Her family was church people, though, an' they was likely to make some trouble about her havin' of him, on'y Joe'd got consid'able property together by that time, an' they seen 't he was a good match.

"But the girl was troubled. She liked Joe, all right, but she was a church member her own self, an' she started in to make him swear off on tol'able nigh everything short o' drawin' his breath.

"She couldn't abide a man that'd fight, an' she made him put away his gun. Then she hadn't no use f'r a man that drinked, an' he give up drinkin'. An' she didn't like the smell o' tobacco, an' Joe throwed away his pipe an' quit chawin'.

"She had scruples about cuss words, an' Joe give up cussin' as nigh as he could. An' the wust of all things, 'cordin' to her gospel, was gamblin', an' she made Joe believe 't draw poker was gamblin', so Joe pulled out o' th' game.

"We was all takin' notice, natural enough, an' there was a sort o' feelin' in the community that she were goin' a leetle too fur when she drawed the line ag'in poker. Jake Winterbottom was talkin' about it one night, an' he says, sensible enough:

"'I reckon a lady had ought for to have some to say about the man she marries, anyway, up to the time she marries him, an' if so be as this girl don't like liquor an' cuss words, Joe had ought for to humor her a spell; but interferin' with draw poker is downright sinful. It's wuss'n that,' he says, 'for it's interferin' with the prosperity of the community. Where'd we all be if we didn't accommodate the strangers,' he says, 'that comes here lookin' for a game?'

"But I told 'em it'd be all right. 'I know Joe Bassett tol'ble well,' I says, 'an' if he don't blow off steam somewheres he's goin' to bust,' I says. 'That's what he says his own self.

"'There's a providence that watches over these things,' I says, 'an' 'taint likely as a good citizen, like Joe, is goin' to be led away, without some special interposition. An' I reckon,' I says, 'that there's a interposition just about due now.

"'Mebbe 'twon't come till a'ter the knot's tied, an' if it don't it'll be the wuss for both on 'em, but 'twouldn't surprise me none to see it happen any time. Joe's been under pressure, now, quite a spell.'

"Well, that very night a'ter we'd been talkin' about it—it were a Friday night, an' Joe was to be married Sunday—there come a couple o' crossroads gamblers to town lookin' for a game. They was ripstavin' good players, too, an' the boys didn't git none the best on 'em that night.

"Fact was 't they was some ahead along about Saturday noon, for they played right along, nobody seemin' to care nothin' about sleep, an' it looked like it were goin' to be a case o' the ones that c'd keep fresh longest getting' away with the money.

"'Long in the evening on Saturday Joe comes in to have a talk with me like he did tol'able often, an' I seen it were the best sort of a chance for to lend a helpin' hand toward fetchin' that interposition 'round. Joe wa'n't drinkin' nothin' an' I seen it was makin' him sort o' nervous, an' I offered him a cigar, but he wouldn't take it.

"Then I told him about these two strangers that was playin' in the back room with Jake Winterbottom an' Sam Pearsall an' Henry Bascom. Gibson an' Sawyer the two strangers was called. An' I says to Joe 't I were a leetle anxious about Winterbottom.

"'You know Jake ain't as young as he was,' I says, 'an' it looks to me like he wouldn't be able to play much longer. An' you know,' I says, 'it'd be a tol'able severe thing if these two card sharps was to come in here an' do up the home talent.

"'Now if somebody 't was fresh an' capable should set in an' take Jake's place,' I says, 'there'd be no such calamity a happenin',' I says. 'It's a pity, Joe, that you've give up poker. You'd be just the man. But there don't 'pear to be no good players 'round just now, 'ceptin' you.'

"Well, Joe he looked monstrous worked up. He seen what a emergency it were, an' he were all tore up. He said it looked pretty bad, an' he reckoned he'd go in the back room an' look it over.

"'O' course,' he says, 'I can't play, f'r I told her I wouldn't, but I'd kind o' like to look on an' see if the game is square. Don't look reasonable,' he says, 't'a stranger can win at draw poker in Arkansas City, 'thouten he cheats.'

"So he goes in the back room, an' I says to myself 't I'd did a tol'able good thing.

"'Interpositions is good things,' I says, 'but sometimes they is a little slow comin', an' it don't do no harm to hurry 'em up a little.'

"I didn't have no idea, though, o' what a good thing I had reely did. Joe hadn't been in there twenty minutes afore Jake come out an' called for some red liquor.

"'I'm goin' to bed,' he says. 'Them two fellers is devils. We been playin' thirty odd hours now an' they're just as fresh as they was at the start. More'n that, they're four hundred dollars ahead. I've lost three hundred myself, an' I've got to give up. I'm dead from the necktie down.'

"I seen he was right, an' there wa'n't no use o' him tryin' to play no longer, so I ast him if anybody 'd took his seat, but he said there hadn't.

"'Joe Bassett's in there,' he says, 'lookin' on, but you know he don't play no more.'

"Well, I give him about twenty minutes more, an' then I went an' looked in my own self. It was just as I knowed it would be. Joe had took the fifth seat, an' he were deep in the game.

"There wa'n't no fault to be found with that. I seen 'twa'n't intended that a good man sh'd be suffered to go wrong like he'd been doin,' an' I come away, givin' thanks for th' interposition, an' givin' myself credit for some help. I didn't know, though, how much good I had done till the next day, for when Sunday noon come, Joe was still playin.'

"The time for the weddin' had been set fer 1 o'clock, an' along about half past 12 one o' the girl's cousins found out where Joe was an' he come in an' spoke to him, but Joe was just then tol'able busy. He had three aces in his hand afore the draw, an' Gibson was tryin' to bluff him out of a jackpot, so 'twa'n't the best time fer to interrupt him in the game.

"This here cousin he tried it, not bein' a poker player hisself, an' not knowin' what a fool he was. But Joe give him a few remarks that sort o' stunned him an' went on playin.'

"The cousin he went away, an' there wa'n't no more interruptions till the game broke up about 6 in the evenin' Joe an' Henry Bascom havin' all the money there was in the party.

"They said the girl took the train Monday mornin' for Little Rock. Anyway, Joe never seen her again, an' 'twa'n't long afore he were just as good a citizen as ever.

"It shows how mysterious the ways o' Providence is. It don't al'ays take the kick of a mule to change a man's mind, but it does seem almighty queer, sometimes, how it changes."

THE MEN WHO RUN THE SUBWAY

Nobody Helped Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hedley to Climb to High Places.

The management of the new subway, and with it the responsibility for the safety of the thousands who ride in it daily, devolves upon two men, and they are both self-made. Both began at the bottom of the ladder of railroad life, and both have climbed without other aid to the top. Each was picked for the place he occupies in the management of the Interborough's new road solely on the record of the things he had done. Here is the record of the rise of both from the ranks:

Vice-President Edward Payson Bryan began life in Ohio. Ohio is a railroad State, and before he was out of school he had settled in his own mind that he was to be a railroad man.

He started as a telegraph operator on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Lebanon, Ky., but that was only getting his foot on the ladder. Soon he was the railroad's agent at Frankfort, and, after showing what he could do there, he was made superintendent of terminals, first at Louisville, then at St. Louis.

The record for ability and capacity for hard work he made with the Louisville and Nashville stood him in such good stead that when the railroads formed the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis to build the great Union Station there he was chosen to be general manager and director of the job. He built the station, and the executive ability he displayed in doing it pointed him out as the man for a still bigger job when the organization of equipment and working force for the subway had to be undertaken. He was called to New York, and did the work.

He is under 50. He started with nothing but brains and a capacity for work, and he is now executive head of the greatest railroad system in the metropolis.

Nobody helped General Manager Frank Hedley of the Interborough to climb to his present place. He started his career as a daily wage earner right here in New York, and step by step won his promotion to the second highest place in the Interborough offices. He has charge not only of the subway, but of the elevated lines as well, and it is under his régime that the extensive improvements in the elevated service in the last year or so have been made.

He came from England, a young mechanic without friends, but with untiring energy, twenty years ago. He comes of a mechanical family, for it was his grandmother who designed and built the first locomotive. But nobody knew that when he came here.

He got a job in the Erie Railroad shops in Jersey City. After a while he got a better job in the shops of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad under the Gould management. He wasn't content with repairing engines. He found new ways of doing the repairs, and suggested improvements in the engines themselves.

A young man of that kind gets talked about. When he left the Manhattan elevated shops, after five years, it was to become master mechanic of the Kings County Elevated Railroad. He held that job for more than three years.

Then he went to Chicago as superintendent of motive power and transportation of the new Lake Street Elevated Railroad. He started the operation of that road, and when the Northwestern Elevated Railroad was begun he was appointed consulting engineer of that in addition to his Lake street railroad duties.

And naturally the men in the Manhattan elevated management here remembered him when the Interborough began to plan out its subway traffic and to gather in the elevated lines; and soon he was back in New York again in a very different place from the work bench at which he sat when he came, unknown, to the city twenty years before.

For three years these two men have been planning the system of operation in the subway which they have now put into effect. It is the crowning work of two notable careers in the days when it is often said that the poor young man isn't getting any show at all compared with what he used to have.

HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Clerical Stories.

From Chambers's Journal.

A Scotch minister who was in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

It happened in Cornwall, according to report, that a pastor complained that his congregation had the habit of looking round at late comers, and, while he thought it natural enough, he saw that it disturbed their religious duties, and so determined to announce by name those persons who came in late. Accordingly he several times paused during the prayers and said: "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter," then again, "Mr. C. and William D." This went on for a while, and the congregation kept their eyes fixed on their books, but when it was given out "Mrs. M., in a new bonnet," every feminine head in the church was turned.

It was a curate who read in the lesson for the day:

"He spoke the word, and cathoppers came and grassipillars innumerable."

Correction of the Corrector.

From Tit-Bits.

Scene—Small wayside station, train approaching—Sandy (to his master)—Here's yer train, sir.

Master (who has his own ideas about correct speech)—That's not my train, but rather the train I'm going by.

But it happened to be a special train and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed: "We're baith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the ane ye're gaun by, but it's the one that's gane by you."

Japanese Humor.

From the Chicago News.

Here is a typical Japanese humorous story: A quack doctor had prescribed the wrong medicine for the only son of a certain family, with the result that the boy had died. The parents determined to have revenge. So they sued the doctor in a court of law.

The affair was eventually patched up, the quack giving the bereaved parents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this the doctor heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that the wife of one of his neighbors was dangerously ill and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife, he said: "This requires consideration, my dear. There is no knowing but that it may end in their taking you from me."

Where He Could See Something Comic.

From Comic Cuts.

A waitress in a restaurant in a northern town is known to the members of the establishment for her ready wit. An occasional customer went in the other day for dinner. After receiving his order the waitress handed him a newspaper to while away the time that would elapse before dinner was served. He looked up after a few minutes and said:

"I say, miss, have you nothing comic to look at?"

"Well, sir," replied the waitress, without a smile, "there's a lookingglass straight in front of you, sir."

Story of Ganymede's Birth.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

A professor in a Western college, while giving an examination in mythology in a country school, called upon a bright looking girl and asked the following question: "Who was Ganymede?"

Promptly came the answer: "Ganymede was the son of Olympus and an eagle."

The class teacher blushed for her pupil and exclaimed, "Why, Elizabeth! Where did you learn that?"

"Indeed, it says so in the book," replied the girl.

The professor then asked the girl to find the place and read the paragraph aloud, whereupon the class was both astonished and delighted to learn that Ganymede was borne to Olympus by an eagle.

Not the Same Person.

From the Detroit Tribune.

Dr. William M. Berkley of the Porto Rican health board sat in a Pullman car, on his way to St. Louis.

Through the car a boy in a blue uniform passed. He held a pile of books bound in brilliant colors before him and, advancing, he rattled off in a nasal voice the names of the books and their prices.

"Stop," said Dr. Berkeley. "Let me see what you've got, boy."

The boy stopped and Dr. Berkeley ran his eye over one popular novel after another. He took in his hand a volume more soberly bound than the rest—a volume of Balzac.

"That's just out," said the boy. "'Pere Goriot,' by H. de Balzac. It's his latest and best novel."

Dr. Berkeley smiled.

"Just out?" he said. "Why, don't you know that Balzac has been dead for years?"

The boy frowned, impatiently.

"Oh, this ain't the old man," he said. "This is his son."

How It Was Done.

From the Nashville Banner.

Last week I had a call from a colored woman, an old woman who has loved me all my life, and who now, at nearly 80, fights a battle for me whenever the need arises. This time she brought me an old-fashioned sweet potato pudding.

"Aunt Crecy," I said, as I dished up a plateful of the rich, brown, delicious mixture, "what is in this pudding?"

"Sweet potatoes, grated."

"What else?"

"A little sugar."

"What else?"

"Some butter."

"What else?"

"A few eggs."

"How do you mix it?"

"Mix it! Now des lis'n at dat! Why, I des gits de things tergether en mixes 'em. Dat's how."

Badly Beaten That Morning.

From the Lewiston Journal.

A Fort Fairfield lady living in the country says that a short time ago she was awakened at about 3 o'clock in the morning by a furious ring of the telephone in her house.

Feeling from the wildness of the ring that somebody's house must be on fire or that somebody was bleeding to death, she scampered downstairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Got your washin' done yet? Had mine out half an hour ago."

OUR SUBWAY BUILT FIRST.

LONDON STILL WRESTLING WITH TUNNEL PROBLEMS.

Same Old Sulphur Laden Steam Railroad Tunnels Doing Business, With an Ill Ventilated Electric Tube System as an Adjunct—Hope Set On Next Year.

While New Yorkers are rejoicing in their fine new subway, with its excellent ventilation, swift electric trains, easy accessibility and clean, well lighted stations, the great city of London, which had a system of underground railways in operation twenty-three years ago, is still getting along somehow with that same system of railways, operated in the same old way and supplemented only by a deep tunnel electric road, about which there are some complaints. London is hoping for better things some time next year. But to-day New York is ahead.

It seems hard to believe, but great as was the other city's start and large as are its resources the metropolis of America has left the English capital far behind. We only began really to get busy four years ago, but we have an electric subway going and we have nothing but good to say of it. London, which has been talking of underground improvements these fifteen years, hasn't got very far yet.

The same old type of locomotives, burning soft coal, are running through the same ill ventilated, crowded tunnels. The same untidy, inconvenient stations are doing business in the same old way. The same old system of mileage fares is in use and the vastly more convenient one of a uniform fare has not even been provisionally accepted.

There is the new deep tunnel, the 'tuppenny tube," running from the Bank out to Shepherd's Bush.

It consists of two parallel tubes, each with a single track, side by side at a deep level. When it was built the only ventilation provided was at the stations, the idea being that the passage of the trains would keep the air moving and the tunnel would be self-ventilating without artificial aid.

But this theory was only carried half way, for passages were cut at intervals between the tubes, and the result is that, whether the principle is good or not, the tunnel does not ventilate itself. The bad air stays down there.

Then it is not so easy to get to the stations in a rush of traffic. Passengers are carried down in elevators, and as travellers well remember, elevators or lifts in England are slow. So the traffic capacity of the tunnel is limited. This particular tunnel can be improved upon in future tunnels. Londoners realize the fact and admit it sadly.

But the old system of underground steam railroads—"the sewer" Londoners call it, because of its bad ventilation—is very much worse. Into these old tunnels the wretched London fog penetrates as it did when they were first built. The fog mingles with sulphurous fumes from the engines.

It becomes laden with the soot from the locomotive smoke and spoils men's linen and women's dainty dresses. Winter and summer the air is bad, and long and loudly Londoners have complained.

That is about to end, however, though New York has beaten London in point of speed in solving its transit problem. A new system of electric tunnels is being constructed by an English syndicate headed by Charles T. Yerkes, once of Chicago and now of New York. It is to be an elaborate system when complete, and the first lines are expected to be in working order some time next year.

At the same time the same syndicate, having got possession of the old underground steam railroads, is electrifying them on American principles, and hopes to have that done, too, some time in 1905. Then the steam roads, with their soot and sulphur fumes, will be things of the past, and London will begin a new era of underground transportation as New York has already. But New York is first.

A uniform fare had been planned to go into effect with the new system, but that has failed because the Yerkes syndicate failed to get one of its bills through Parliament. But that, too, is expected to come and by that time the entire system of underground railways in London is likely to be in the hands of one organization, and the transfer system, which New York adopted long ago, will be introduced there.

In the meantime there are many roads, most of them in the hands of the Yerkes syndicate, with wholly diverse interests, and the unification process is slow.

The syndicate is building enormous power houses capable of operating all the traffic of underground London, against the day when it will control, as it hopes, the whole of it. Under the stimulus of its plans suburban real estate is increasing in value.

It is hoped to put all the underground railroads in communication with each other, and to make the surface lines, now mostly run by horse power, but being electrified with the railroads, feeders to the rapid transit lines under ground.

The new tubes being constructed are an improvement upon the old one, and they are expected to solve the transportation problem and the ventilation problem at the same time. Whether they will or not only a test can show.

But London is very tired of subway experiments. A royal commission was appointed rather more than a year ago to look into our whole question of London traffic. Some of its members came over here to inspect the subway, then building, and they were appalled by the mess that New York was permitting in its streets.

Later William Barclay Parsons, the chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission, was summoned to London to testify before the commission concerning New York's transportation methods.

Royal commissions take their time, and this one has not made its report yet. In the meantime, the new interests in London tunnel railroading are going on with their plans, and the Londoners are praying that they may be quick in carrying them out.

However quick they may be, though, New York has solved its problems first.